

ANDERSON COLLEGE LIBRARY




MS.C. 80



Ivy Leaves

'80



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://www.archive.org/details/ivyleaves1980beth>

It has been a high honor and a great experience to be the editor of **Ivy Leaves '80**. I have enjoyed reading each poem and looking at all art submissions, as I feel each of you will also.

There were many people who contributed to *Ivy Leaves '80* and I thank you!

Beth Byers

Editors - Beth Byers and John Lee Owen

Staff - Cindy Benton

Joyce Carwile

Dorothy Hagood

Karen Henderson

Dawn McKenzie

Faculty Advisor - Doug Davison

Cover Designs - Meg Crump and John Lee Owen

Cover Selection Committee - Mrs Mary Martin and Dr. S. C. McCarter

Ivy Leaves is published annually by students of Anderson College, Anderson, South Carolina.

All In A Life Time

"I'll lend you for a little time a child of mine," he said,
For you to love the while he lives and mourn for when he's dead.

It may be for six or seven years or twenty-two or three,
But with you till I call him back take care of him for me.

He'll bring his charms to gladden you and should his stay be brief,
You'll have his lovely memories as solace for your grief.

CHORUS: Yes this is God's dear sweet child he's giving unto you,
He loves him very very much and he wants you to love him too.

I cannot promise that he will stay, since all from earth return,
But there are lessons taught down there that I want this child to learn.

I've looked the wide world over in my search for teachers true,
And from the throngs that crowd lives lanes I have selected you.

Now will you give him all your love nor think the labor vain,
Nor hate me when I come to call to take him back again.

CHORUS: Yes this is God's dear sweet child he's giving unto you,
He loves him very very much and he wants you to love him too.

I fancied that I heard them say "Dear Lord Thy Will Be Done."
For all the joy thy child will bring the risk of grief we'll run.

We'll shelter him with tenderness we'll love him while we may,
And for the happiness we have known forever grateful stay.

But should the angels call him back much sooner than we've planned,
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand.
We'll brave the bitter grief that comes and try to understand.

Julie Stiles

A Life of Friendship

Our birth was so uneasy
We couldn't run
So we walked awhile.
I saw no chance
For Life to grow
But then,
I saw your smile.

I knew that you
Were Special.
For my eyes could
Clearly see,
Our Life that once
Had to walk,
Was growing
And flying Free.

We still have many
Laughs to share
Any many tears to cry,
So hold my hand
And we'll conquer death
For our Life
Will never die.

Though miles may
Grow between us
And greater loves
We both may find
I pray that I'll
Live in your heart
As you will always
Live in mine.

Bill Howard

Impatience

Everyday things grind on my nerves.
I am impatient.
I know there is something more.
And when we find this something,
We will transcend all earthly limitations
To heights of imaginative genius,
Perfect understanding,
Pure love --
The epitome of life.

Cathy Young

Car
Shiny, New
Cruising, running, stopping
driver, friends, admirers, darers
racing, skidding, cornering
crumpled, bloody
wreck

Beth Byers

Life

Life, it passes so quickly, the years they
come and they fly, they fly away.

The elementary years with crayons broken
the childhood dreams which were a token

But best of all are those highschool years
when in the end bring many tears.

Just one more hour, just one more day
I'd do anything just to stay and play.

Time, I wish I could hold you,
Your leaving me but the memories will
always stay,

Tears are brought to my eyes when I
think of all those sad goodbyes,

Before you know it your school days are gone
and you have a whole life to carry on.

So cherish now each new day and the
rest of your life won't go astray.

Life, you've got to make the most of
it, you can't let it's struggle hold
you down a bit.

Time you've got to move along
with it.

It's great to remember but never
stop and sit.

Julie Stiles



All That Glitters Isn't Gold

He was a man that I respected
A man I could believe
It seems so unreal to me, how
could he leave?
He was a man I loved, a man
of honor and trust
How can it be, all my hopes and
dreams of being like him have
started to rust
It's so hard for me to understand
so hard to comprehend
I was so easily deceived, I
thought of him as a friend
I've got to face the facts now, I've
got to be bold
How true are the words
"All that glitters isn't gold."

Andy Philhower

To dry the tears of a child,
to reach out to the forgotten
to reach out to be abandoned,
to love the unlovable and to
care for the uncaring.

That was Christ's love.

James Hearn

Yearbook
Editors, Staff
hardwork, latehours
friends, clubs, teachers, features
Deadlines, mailboxes
happy, exhausted
finished

Beth Byers

To Be With You

I believe that God above,
 created you for us to love.
He picked you out from all the rest,
 because he knew you were
The best.
 I once had a heart and it was
true,
 But now it's gone from me
to you.
 So take care of it as I have done,
 For you have two and I have none.
When I get to Heaven and you're
not there,
 I'll paint your face on the golden
stairs.
 So all the angels will know and see,
just what you really meant to me.
 And if you are not there by judgment
day
 I'll give back my wings,
 my golden naze and everything.
And just to show you baby what I'll do,
 I'll go to H-E-L-L baby to be
with you.

Helen McGee

Pretty Lady

Oh, pretty Lady
It surely must be,
That all of Heaven's blessings,
Were showered on thee.

They say you portray
Honor and Love,
They say you're an Angel
Sent from above.

Oh, pretty Lady
They love you so,
But no . . .
Not I
For I see your Soul
I see your lust
I see your hate
I know your Gods
And your destined fate.

Oh, pretty Lady
I pity thee,
For your life is
a Lie,
And will always be.

Oh, pretty Lady
They love you so,
But no . . .
Not I
For I see your Soul.

Bill Howard

The First and Only Love

The first and only love,
When God-given,
Is so good
Because it is
Unabashedly honest,
Because it has
No means of comparison
Because it is always
A new experience.
It is falling in love
With the same person
Repeatedly,
Yet
Without
Repetition.

Cathy Young

The Things You Make

When I'm in the boat out on the lake,
I can see clearly Lord all the things you make.
When the sail is up and the wind is blowing,
My faith in you just keeps on growing.
The beauty of the waves and the clouds swaying,
Gives me the drive for constant praying.
The lights from the houses and the colors in the sky
Let me know you love me Lord, but why?
This world is much too wonderful for me,
I do you wrong and you set me free.
Lord, it amazes me everything you do,
Like making birds, trees, and me too.
You gave me life through you only son,
And I'm positive Lord that you're the only one.

Julie Stiles

Golden Memories

Golden memories etched in my mind—
the flame still burning.
But from time to time
I find myself yearning
to relive the past
and forget present things.
But what good is a sail half-mast?
For even a bird must use his wings.

Mary Ruczko





Twas a few weeks before Christmas

T'was a few weeks before Christmas,
And all through North Rouse 2nd floor,
Not a stereo was blaring, it was
quieter than ever before!
All were asleep in each his room and
Bed, while visions of winning the Dean's
Cup danced in their heads!
They dreamed of presents, mistletoe, and
All kinds of Christmas delight,
Not of Chemistry, English, and Trig,
tests that kept them up too late at night
They dreamed of food, of luxury of a
Home-cooked meal, not of the
School cafeteria food that sometimes
made them very ill!
Their laundry bags were hung
from the door knobs with care,
In hopes that Santa's elf's would
wash and return them with flare!
The Christmas Formal wasn't far off,
Saturday night to be precise, and
the men of North Rouse wanted
to look very nice!
The dance came, and the Festivities of
Christmas were done, no doubt about
it, everyone at Anderson College
had lotsa fun!
In parting for the Holidays, the
Men of North Rouse 2nd Floor have
only one thing to say,
"May the Spirit of Jesus Christ brighten
your Christmas Holiday."

Andy Philhower

Pictures of you are in my
mind through every minute of the day . . .

I wanted someone to love
and care for and you came and cleared the way.

Sometimes even the greatest of
moments could be more special if they
had been spent with you.

Time has come between
you and I and the pain grows
with each sunset.

But my feelings tell me
that one day you'll come back to me.

Go out and find your
world now for you've seen so little
of it.

And always remember I'll
be here waiting when you need me.

I'll have to start a new
life now but our past lingers on
in my mind.

I just want you to know that
I think of you always.

and to say I don't need you
would be a lie

but, babe you do what's best
for you that's what I want because
I love you.

Jane McIntosh

The Kiss

There was a young man named Smith
Who swore he had never been kissed
Said a bonny lassie, who was quite sassy
"I will remedy this."
So taking his hand she promptly began
Said Smith with a smirk,
"I knew it would work, so far it's never missed!"

Jackie Bagwell

(Note: Richard Klosky was taking a legitimate prescription drug from a doctor and took a street-type drug with it. The two did not mix and the disabilities he has to struggle with are the results; he had a type of stroke which affected him in numerous serious ways. The most apparent result is that he has to use a wheelchair.)

Almost

About two months before I got like this I was walking, late one night, on that Southern railroad track that goes under that Murray Ave., bridge; the track leads on to Atlanta, Ga., and I was thinking about leaving my existence in town and settling in one of the “hippy” communes there. I was already a little tired so I lay down to rest a little. Just before I would have dozed off for a short nap I saw a bright light shining about a mile down the track. I quickly realized what it was and scrambled to the near-by dirt bank about two or three feet away; (the track was cut through a deep valley in a hill at that point, so it would remain level through hills and over rivers). The vines and brush were about a foot thick in that area and the way I wriggled in had me standing, leaning slightly against the dirt bank about two feet away from the track. Only a short moment later a massive, multi-ton, gigantic, metal monster went roaring past at about sixty. The furious sound and spectacle of it all caused my legs and arms to carry on convulsively. I’ve never been so close to one of those diesel demons moving so fast; it was awesome. As I was shaking like some insane marionette I vividly imagined how that thundering night dragon would have cut me into hundreds of meaningless bits and pieces. I had been thinking that it wasn’t scheduled to run that night; I almost made it to the other world. As I walked on I gradually became weary of the idea and turned back toward the home place. How many times have I wished I’d just kept going(?) I’d probably be “*King of the Road*” in some places like New Orleans, a bum in some L&N switchyard; of course I do pretty well at being a bum now anyway. I hear that same train running now each night at about midnight, still, and it stirs a few words from a song by Johnny Cash called “*Orange Blossom Special*”. . . “— - when I hear that train a’comin’ I hang my head and cry. . .”

—Richard Klosky

When I am still and motionless for some reason, some musical arrangements that I formerly had heard and like often do a “replay”, involuntarily in my head. As I was once sitting in a wheelchair, outside the library at the University in Little Rock, waiting on a taxi, a favorite some I had heard went through my head in that way . . . it was largely due to the surroundings - there wasn’t a soul in sight at the time and I waited a long while; the entire campus was made of cement or brick, which caused a feeling of the 21st century or some other planet, the wind was blowing hot behind me causing occasional chatter of discarded candy wrappers, cigarette debris, etc., to go scattering past me meaninglessly on the large cobblestone walk, a “million” miles away from anyone with the setting sun causing mostly bizarre shades of red or gray. At such a “far end of the earth” I could well imagine how truly I fit the words to a song called *Dust in the Wind*.

Richard Klosky

- - The notes being plucked from the harp became droplets of rain falling from a forest which had just been through a brief shower; I recall it to have been a little sparse as though it may have been growing back from a long past fire. The sound of the flute became a comfortable curl of smoke from the chimney of a small wooden house I saw at a distance of about a quarter mile down a dirt road that seemed to be below me. My being was oblivious from what I was seeing, yet I felt no concern to get any bearings. The weather seemed lightly cold, but not yet cold, as is reminded at the last of summer of a soon approaching fall. There was no wind; the air seemed completely still. And the little wisp of smoke looked to be rising straightly upward against a distant setting sun with rays of pink and yellow and red breaking through a cover of clouds which was well enough broken apart to reveal some of the natural blue before night set fully in. There was nothing really to tell from appearance, but somehow I knew it was not dawn; it was late afternoon and a sunset. The little house up ahead was made of wooden slats that were an unpainted grayish-brown from ages of weathering. That still sight continued for a long while, a dirt road through a rain-soaked forest and the small wooden shack, until I gradually began to think about what was inside the little house; and, again, I didn’t go up and peer into it, but somehow felt like I already knew. There was a very old woman seated in front of a fire place in a rocking chair, which was moving so very slowly. Pensively, and calmly she seemed to be waiting on some certain someone, or something. Waiting. Patiently waiting - -, - - waiting.

—Richard Klosky



The moon was high and the wind blew cold, whistling through the trees
And swiftly a man came riding down to that land beside the sea.
The night was clear and beneath the sky a quiet town did lay
The rider stopped, pulled forth his steel, and proceeded 'pon his way.
All sorts of far-off emories-unbidden-filled his mind
Like one possessed, he rode the street-seeming almost blind --
To the people all about him, who all stepped back in fear
of the darkling one on coal-black beast, with hatred fiery clear.
He was within hatred's flames reborn, and thusly-madly-forged
And of life's grim horrors he hath drank, and weeping he hath gorged.
And back within his darkened heart will long echo the sound
Of a far-gone love that was unfulfilled-of innocence brought cruelly
down.
From that thrice-cursed day were many times when his blade from
sheath hath hissed
And there were many-ah, too many-in his name that Death hath kissed!
To a tavern dark the stranger came, and there he found his man
And with a laugh he roared, "Foul coward-escape me if you can!"
His own blade drawn, the quarry tried to sell his life dear and will
But the other's blade cut swift and sent the last slayer down to Hell.
Oh, they say that love can never die, and perhaps it never will
But in it's name, it's bastard child-Vengeance-lives on still.

David Lollis

War is Hell

War . . . is taking another man and myself, giving us weapons and ordering us to destroy one another. Why? Because our people want . . ., well. . . because the President said . . ., well . . . just because.

War . . . is making men live in foxholes, half filled with body waste and blood, lingering with the nauseating smell of death.

War . . . is a platoon of frightened young men bursting into a small village and ruthlessly blowing brains out of the helpless civilians.

War . . . is taking what you want and letting nothing stand in your way; not helpless women, not peace-loving old men, not even a crawling infant.

War . . . is a burnt town. Silenced. Nothing can be heard, but the wind . . . and the soft, gentle sobbing of a six year old, cuddled around the pale, battered body of its murdered mother. Alone.

War . . . is Hell.

Bill Howard

There was a young lady named Lynn,
Who was so exceedingly thin,
that when she essayed
to drink lemonade,
she slid down the straw and fell in.

Beth Byers

Learning to Love

When I look at people they all are unique,
Whether they're old or young or just a plain freak.
Each person is special in his own sweet way,
And everyone will react if you know what to say.
Some people are harder to know than others,
But it is possible to do because we're sisters and brothers.
Our Lord created us to be loving and kind,
And he does not want to leave any behind.
If we believe, trust and follow this man,
We can do anything that is true and I know that we can.
So give your attention to the one who loves each
And you'll be surprised at the things he will teach.
You can learn to love and feel for all
No matter if they're big, ugly, cute, or small.
If you look and try to love your brother,
It becomes easier as you grow and love many others.
I love so many people in so many ways
And I learn to love more through all the new days.

Julie Stiles

Torn between the ship and the ocean
Clinging to the gang-plank like a spider to a web
The ocean's boldly throwing out
An invitatin to me
The ship is waiting anxiously
for an invitation from me
Clutching to the gang-plank like a spider to a web
I look behind - I look ahead
In disbelief, in disgust, in despair—
I look to find you there—
 Throwing shadows at me
 Stealing moments from me
 Wanting but to hurt me yet you seem to really love me
I don't know . . .
Where is one to go
 When all the world is calling
 When all hope is falling
 When life, it seems, is stalling
 and time is breathing heavily
 and no one has the answers to the questions fortune tellers
 don't confront
One's mind is but a jigsaw puzzle
One's heart is but a thorny rose
 wanting to be loved
 wanting to become a heart of Gold.

Nancy Gates

